

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

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(By "Birrimboo")

Although Gloucester was originally laid out in 1846, it was a very tiny village in 1888, there being only the police station on the site of the present building, an hotel kept by the late John Single on the site of the present Gloucester Hotel, and further along Church Street the late Mr. T. Britton's cottage, while where Messrs. Street and Parish's emporium stands was an hotel kept by the late A. G. Reichert, with the post office next door. Mrs. Lindsay's cottage was on the site of the present Commercial Bank and there were about five more small cottages scattered around; also an accommodation house about where Mr. Adams lives, and, of course, the Church of England, built in 1860, a little further along.

The A. A. Co. then held and worked as a cattle station the whole of the 200,000 acres afterwards sold (in 1903) to the Gloucester Estate Ltd., and by them cut up and re sold.

In 1888 there were said to be about 10,000 head of cattle on the station. There were also many hundreds of brumbies (wild horses). These brumbies ran chiefly on Gangat, down the Barrington and at Waukivory and Dog Trap.

Practically the only "sport" or recreation in those days was "brumby chasing" on Sundays by the younger employees of the company, and as they all had splendid horses and were great horsemen, many very exciting runs did they have.

There was a large and noted mob of brumbies running at Dog Trap, led by a very beautiful black stallion known to all as the "Flying Colt," from his fleetness of foot, and many times had they tried to yard him, but he always managed to escape. But his mob was dwindling fast, as always many mares and foals were yarded and shot, their hides and hair being valuable.

After spending much time, the station hands built a very strong "trap yard," over seven feet high, with wings extending for several miles each way. One Sunday in April, 1888, Ernie, Tom, Sam, Allan and the redoubtable Jack Cook, than whom, probably, no

Tom, Sam, Allan and the redoubtable Jack Cook, than whom, probably, no better horseman ever lived, set out to yard the "Flying Colt" and the remnant of his mob.

They rode carefully for several hours, always endeavouring to keep to the windward of where it was thought the mob would be. Then eventually they sighted them, and what a chase! After turning the mob with the "Flying Colt" well in the lead, they managed after much galloping, to steer them towards the wings, and at last the mob was racing towards the yard.

It was one man's job to ride as close as possible behind the mob so as to pull down the canvas, which was on a roller and thus give himself a chance to put the rail up. This time Ernie had the job, but he was closer than he thought, and his horse raced straight under the "cap" and pulled Ernie off, but luckily not much harm was done, and thus the "Flying Colt" was yarded.

Alas, and sad to say, this splendid looking animal turned out, after being broken in, to be a veritable "dud," and his captors eventually sold him for £8. They really thought that they would win the Melbourne Cup with him. Perhaps the poor horse's heart was broken by having to suffer the indignity of carrying a man after having had such freedom. Who knows?

This same month a very large picnic took place on the Barrington cricket ground, the occasion being a send-off to the late Mr. Richard Wiseman and his family. Mr. Wiseman had been manager of the Gloucester Station for several years, and he resigned to purchase "Clerkness" in New England, where his sons still reside, and where they have a wonderful sheep stud. Practically the whole of the residents of the district, including Rawdon Vale, gathered there that day to wish the Wiseman family good-bye. A dance at the late Mr. James McRae's homestead concluded the festivities. A feature of the day was the riding to a standstill by Jack Cook of a noted outlaw by old "Eclipse," as up to the time no one had ever managed to sit him out.

Many, alas, that saw this gathering have passed away, but I am glad to say that there are quite a number with us still.—"Advocate."

with us still.—“Advocate.”